

# COLUMBIA's GLORY,

OR 8551

BRITISH PRIDE HUMBLED;

# A POEM

ON THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION;

SOME PART OF IT BEING

A PARODY ON AN ODE,

ENTITLED

# BRITAIN'S GLORY

OR

GALLIC PRIDE HUMBLED;

COMPOSED ON THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC, A. D. 1759.

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BY BENJAMIN YOUNG PRIME, M. D.

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MUTATO NOMINE DE TE  
FABULA NARRATUR.

Horace.

GENS, QUÆ . . . . .  
DURUS UT ILEX TONSA BIPENNIBUS  
NIGRÆ FERACI FRONDIS IN ALGIDO,  
PER DAMNA, PER CÆDES, AB IPSO  
DUCIT OPES ANIMUMQUE FERRO.—  
MERSES PROFUNDO, PULCHRIOR EVENIT;  
IUCTERE, MULTA PRORUET INTEGRUM,  
CUM LAUDE VICTOREM; GERETQUE  
PÆLIA CONJUGIBUS LOQUENDA,

Idem;

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NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY THOMAS GREENLEAF,  
FOR THE AUTHOR. M, DCC, XC.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ON the capture of Quebec, in the year 1759, the author of the following Poem composed an Ode, called BRITAIN's GLORY or GALLIC PRIDE HUMBLED, which, in the year 1764, was, among other pieces of poetry, published, in London, in a pamphlet, entitled The PATRIOT-MUSE; many of which, after his return from thence, were distributed among his friends in America. As early as the year 1777, observing, that a considerable part of that Ode was applicable to the actual events of the contest of the United States with Britain, the author conceived the idea of writing a Parody upon it, and, in that view, actually put pen to paper on some of the most striking passages: And being, as he ever was, confident of the eventual success of the American cause, and therefore, not doubting but that many future occurrences would prove analogous, he proposed, if he should be so happy as to see the end of the war, to parodize every part of the Ode, which might be capable of such an accommodation. - Soon after the peace the same idea was spontaneously suggested to him by some of his friends, and he accordingly began to realize it; but the fatigues of a return from a more than seven years exile to the place of his former abode soon interrupted, and, after that, perplexing cares and a multiplicity of business, which required almost the constant labour of body or mind,—a long series of fits of painful illness, and some peculiar troubles, which, from philanthropy, he wishes no others of mankind may experience, as he has done, either by denying him leisure or by discomposing his mind, prevented the execution of his design, until some time in the summer, 1784: And indeed a considerable part of the Poem was composed by him on his bed, while the generality of mankind around him were asleep.

After all, although only a Parody on some particular passages of the original Ode was at first intended (which would have been too diminutive a matter to be offered to the public, except in a magazine or news-paper) the author, animated

by the dignity and interesting nature of his subject, could not confine himself to such narrow bounds; but, as a votary to liberty, gave his genius, such as it was, full scope; and as, in his progress, many new thoughts suggested themselves, the result of the whole proved a Poem of considerable length, of which perhaps seven eighths are intirely original.

— It was finished more than seven years ago, and not long after offered for publication; but, by reason of embarrassments occasioned by the war, it was not in the author's power to pay for the impression on the spot (which was a condition insisted upon by every printer he applied to) unless he misapplied money, which his circumstances required him to devote to more necessary purposes. He therefore gave up all thoughts of publishing it and threw it into his scrutoire, where it has since lain dormant; but, as many writers are of late stepping forth into the world, the author has at length taken it into his head to make one in the crowd; and, although the occasion of his Poem be not of a late date, yet, as the present is a season of great political changes in the world, in consequence of the American Revolution, and, as the Independence of the United States is by them annually commemorated with great festivity, so that it is never like to prove, as they say, an old story, he hopes the publication of his Poem, even at this time, will not be thought altogether unseasonable.

Critics, he flatters himself, will be mild in their censures on a Poem composed under so unfavourable circumstances, and candidly excuse faults, which, though he sees them, he has not leisure to correct. Such as the composition is, he hopes it will furnish some entertainment to all true lovers of LIBERTY, and be kindly received by them, as a well-meant endeavour of a sincere friend to his Country.

New-York, Sept. 22d, 1791.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**I**NTRODUCTION.—*Occasion and subject of the Poem, verse 1.—The Author's former attachment to Britain and present devotion to COLUMBIA, v. 47.* INVOCATION OF LIBERTY, v. 80. Columbia's sufferings previous to the late war, v. 141.—Her disconsolate condition, v. 158—Her sad soliloquy, v. 171, containing—*The occasion of her first settlement in this new world, v. 175—Her sufferings at first, v. 188—Her relief, v. 199—Her new troubles, from a projected episcopate and oppressive laws, v. 231—Her dismal apprehensions v. 257—Her consolation and first happy resistance, v. 272—Her increasing successes, v. 291.—SIMILE, v. 306.—Glorious event of the war, v. 324—Compared to the Revolution in the Netherlands, v. 353.—Address to Gen. WASHINGTON—*The universal excellence of his character, v. 380—Particularly his disinterestedness and patriotism, v. 403—His superior merit and glory, v. 411.—He himself contrasted with former Generals, v. 432—Compared to ZERUBBABEL and JOSHUA, v. 462—His country's confidence in him, v. 489—The dignity of his retirement, v. 516—His extensive fame, v. 531—The gratitude of Columbia's children for his services, v. 574—His future fame and estimation, v. 621—The greatness of his character, conduct and present state, v. 656.—VALEDICTION. v. 686.—Address to George III—*His wicked machinations and disappointment, v. 759.—Columbia's resources against his violence, v. 779.—The ill success of Cornwallis's incursion, v. 830—and Burgoyne's, v. 858.—Success often fatal to the British, v. 888—Their cruel and unmanly mode of war, v. 906—Instead of promoting obstructed their designs, v. 963—Their infidious measures also as ineffectual as despicable, v. 992.—Reflections on such a war, v. 1052.—The British King's pristine, contrasted with his present character, v. 1066.—He himself, in his disappointment and losses compared to LUCIFER, v. 1108—To REHOBOAM, v. 1119—To CHARLES I. v. 1131—To JAMES II. v. 1146.—Cautions to George III. v. 1160.—Address to the ALMIGHTY.—Petitions for the confusion of all tyrants, v. 1182—In favour of the KING of France, v. 1190—Of the United States of the Netherlands, v. 1222—For universal Liberty, v. 1213—For the United States of Columbia, particularly for redemption from ghastly bondage, v. 1262.—Confession of spiritual rebellion, ingratitude and incorrigibleness by chas-***

tisements, v. 1287.—*Petitions for reformation by means of mercies,—and perseverance,* v. 1318—*For the true dignity of COLUMBIA,* v. 1341—*For CONGRESS, and all civil officers,* v. 1359—*For exiled foreigners,* v. 1383—*For peace at home and abroad,* v. 1395—*For universal peace,* v. 1422.—*For the happy reign of the PRINCE of peace,* v. 1430.

N. B. Passages of considerable length, whole lines, or the greatest part of a number of successive lines transplanted into this Poem from the original Ode, are printed in *italics*, in order to save printing work and paper; and for that reason, to prevent misunderstandings, as few other words as possible (perhaps seldom more than *single words*) are thus emphatically distinguished: But when the PARODY required a considerable change of expression, the sentiment being similar; in order to render it more obvious, the corresponding passage of the Ode is inserted in the margin.

# COLUMBIA's GLORY,

OR

## BRITISH PRIDE HUMBLED.

\* *WHILE FREEDOM's injur'd sons (to the dire woes  
Of abject slav'ry or destruction doom'd)  
Who to assert their rights indignant rose,  
And threaten'd vengeance to oppose*  
5 *The arduous task assum'd,  
With pow'rful and malicious foes,  
A doubtful war to wage,  
Insulted and oppress'd no more,  
Triumph at length victorious o'er*  
10 *All their unrighteous claims and all their cruel rage ;  
While o'er the late embroil'd domain  
Tranquillity resumes her reign,  
All the dire horrors of the contest cease,  
And, spite of all her envious foes,*  
15 *Th' united sweets COLUMBIA knows  
Of INDEPENDENCE, LIBERTY and PEACE ;—*  
† *While haughty BRITAIN yields,  
No more the sword of slaughter wields,  
Nor longer fills COLUMBIA's fields  
With terrible alarms ;*

\* *While injur'd Britain's indignation glows  
And, in tremendous show'rs,  
Extensive ruin pours  
On her perfidious foes, &c.*

† *While she the sword of justice wields,  
And fills Canadia's rugged fields  
With terrible alarms ;  
While proud QUEBEC yields, &c.*

But, after all her swelling boasts,  
 Despairing of her ruin'd cause,  
 Herself rescinds her own oppressive laws,  
 And blushing from our long beleaguer'd coasts  
 Reluctantly withdraws

25 Her disconcerted troops and unavailing arms ;—  
 \*And while the nations far and near  
 Wonder with deep astonishment to hear,  
 That by a REBEL child

30 The tyranness omnipotent is foil'd,  
 And all COLUMBIA's kind allies,  
 The patrons of her freedom, see,  
 With equal pleasure and surprize,  
 The injur'd righted and th' oppressed free ;—

35 At this grand period, this important date  
 Of a new EMPIRE, in the book of fate,  
 Destin'd to be without example great ;  
 Kind Heaven's indulgent smiles,  
 False Britain's baffled wiles

40 And FREEDOM's conquests all my thoughts employ,  
 Fain would I join the voice of fame,  
 And in triumphant sounds proclaim  
 COLUMBIA's glory, Britain's shame,  
 Boast Heaven's peculiar care,

45 That broke th' infernal snare,  
 And give a rescu'd infant nation joy.

† TO Britain once devoted was my lyre ;  
 Oft did the muse my lab'ring breast inspire

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\* And swarthy savage nations fear  
 Incensed Britain's vengeance near,  
 And wond'ring tremble while they hear  
 The thunder of her arms.

† Oft has the muse in some soft rural strain,  
 Bewail'd her bleeding country's woes ;  
 Oft has she mourn'd her heroes slain,  
 And the too easy triumphs of her haughty foes,  
 The conscious forests heard her tell  
 By savage hands how BRADDOCK fell,  
 And sing sad dirges to his awful ghost ;  
 Lament Britannia's slaughter'd sons, &c.

Her joys and woes to sing,  
 50 While she was to COLUMBIA just,  
 Nor strove t' enslave her to th' imperious lust  
 Of a despotic king.  
 Then with a loyal pride,  
 For many an happy year,  
 55 Beneath a patriot monarch's\* smile,  
 I could a firm allegiance boast :  
 By filial love as by descent ally'd,  
 And doubtful which I held most dear,  
 Or which engag'd my ardor most,  
 60 My native region or the parent isle ;  
 Ev'n while my passion seem'd for each the same,  
 Ambitious of superior style,  
 I fondly gloried in the *British* name.  
 Then while my cheerful tongue  
 65 The *British* conquests sung,  
 My kindred breast with joy ecstatic glow'd ;  
 And when the common foe  
 To *Britain* gave some heavy blow,  
 My plaintive numbers flow'd  
 70 In sympathetic strains of undissembled woe.  
 But now those *social* days are o'er,  
 The muse for *Britain* sings no more,  
 The *British* laurel withers on my brow,  
 COLUMBIA only is my country now ;  
 To her alone my services belong :  
 75 My head, my heart, my hands,  
 My pen, my lyre, my tongue,  
 COLUMBIA's int'rest now demands,  
 Engrosses all my cares and claims my ev'ry song.

80 ♫ OH LIBERTY ! thou dear delightful name  
 Indulge an humble bard's request,  
 Propitious smile and fire his breast  
 With thine enthusiastic flame ;  
 Let vast ideas thro' his fancy roll,

\* GEORGE II.

† Genius of Britain, (*awful name !*) &c,

## 4 COLUMBIA's GLORY.

85 *Let mighty raptures swell his soul,  
And be his numbers worthy of his theme.*

\* *Thine influence CONGRESS knows,  
Senate august! thence genuinely flows  
That dignity of sentiment and zeal,  
Which marks their counsels for COLUMBIA's weal.*

90 *† Her guardian hero feels*

*Thine animating charms,  
And, while his heart undaunted valour steels,  
With patriot flames his gen'rous bosom glows:  
Hence he has long thy glorious champion stood,  
And fought and labour'd for thy people's good;  
Sublime in virtue, as renown'd in arms.*

95 *‡ Rous'd by thy voice and by the dying groans  
Of slaughter'd freemen, on th' ensanguin'd plain  
100 Of LEXINGTON, COLUMBIA's hardy sons,*

*Tho' rude and unexperienc'd, rose,*

*On their inhuman foes  
To take just vengeance for their brethren slain.*

105 *COLUMBIA's utmost bound  
Soon heard the solemn sound  
Of thy loud summons; at thy call to arms,  
Like summer's clust'ring swarms,  
Thy vot'ries throng'd thy standard from afar;*

110 *Like Cincinnatus in the days of yore,  
Heroic peasants left their farms,  
The merchant his accustom'd store  
And the forensic orator the bar:  
All ranks with indignation spurn'd*

115 *The blandishments of an inglorious peace,§  
And kindling at the dire alarms,  
With martial ardor burn'd,*

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\* *Thine influence Britain's awful monarch knows, &c.*

*† Her faithful earthly guardian owns, &c.*

*‡ Rous'd by thy voice Britannia's sons*

*Resolve just vengeance on her foes, &c.*

§ *Forget the blandishments of peace,—*

*And, kindling at war's dire alarms,*

*Leap from the downy lap of ease,*

*And lead their gallant troops intrepid forth to arms.*

Sprang from the downy lap of ease,  
And rush'd by myriads to th' advent'rous war.

Oh! as thy breath inspir'd the sage,

120 As all thine ardor fir'd the hero's rage,  
May the bard also thy kind aid engage  
To his advent'rous lay:

Be it as smiling vict'ry gay,  
Tremendous as COLUMBIA's fword,  
125 Like her intrepid heroes bold,  
Triumphant as her banners play;

¶ Majestic as that rev'rend train,  
That sit around her council-board;

\* Like her enlarg'd domain,

130 Almost by limits uncontrol'd,  
May it in various thought extensive be,  
And unconfin'd by fetters, as inspir'd by THEE.†

What tho' a rural swain,

Unskilful be my tongue?

135 What tho' exil'd so long,  
Far from my native plain,‡

My harp untun'd has on the willows hung?

I still can sing, and in no vulgar strain,

If thou, great pow'r, propitious deign

140 To patronize the attempt and animate my song.

¶ COLUMBIA long indignant mourn'd

Her disappointed aim,

Her oft dishonour'd name,

|| Her humble suit repuls'd with shame,

¶ Majestic as her god-like lord, &c. GEORGE II.

\* Like her resistless pow'r,

By limits uncontrol'd, &c.

† Alluding to the Pindaric irregularity of the verse.

‡ The author, being a person very obnoxious to British and Tory vengeance, fled from Long-Island, September 1st, 1776, and resided with his family in Connecticut, during the war.

§ Britannia long indignant mourn'd, &c.

|| Her gallant troops repuls'd with shame,

Her offers slighted and her vengeance scorn'd,

Triumphant in their crimes,—

The cruel murd'lers of the times,

She saw proud Gallia's servile sons advance, &c.

145 Slighted her pleas and her petitions scorn'd.

Determin'd in their crimes,  
Those base oppressors of the times,  
Proud Britain's servile sons she saw

Obsequious cross the waves,

150 And, without principle or law,  
About her cities insolently stride,  
To awe her patriots into slaves.

Nay she beheld, with wild affright,

\* And keen parental pain,

155 In cool delib'rate spite,  
Her own free children slain,  
Unhappy victims to a tyrant's pride.

*Dejected on the ground,*

*And desolate she lay,*

160 *While heav'n tremendous frown'd,*  
*And shed its dismal horrors round,*  
*With scarce one smiling ray*

*Of joyful hope to cheer the fallen gloom;*

*Tumultuously distrest*

165 *With presage dire of heavier woes to come,*  
*And frantic with despair,*

*She tore her loose neglected hair,*

*Astonish'd smote her boding breast,*

*And anxious trembled at th' impending doom.*

170      " ALAS! (at length she cry'd)

    " How can I but repine?

    " Unhappy me what miseries betide!

    " Whose fate sohard? whose prospects dark like mine?

        " Twice fourscore years have roll'd

175      " Their ample circles round,

        " Since, on my native isle,

    " Restrain'd my judgment and my conscience bound

        " In chains and fetters vile,

        " Render'd by persecution bold,

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\* While, with parental pain,  
She saw her own free children slain,  
Unhappy victims to the pride of France, &c.

180    " And by the hopes of freedom led,  
      " Some kind asylum to explore,  
      " From stepdame *Britain's* tyranny I fled  
      " To this inhospitable shore,  
      " T' enjoy, in some wild desart here,  
185    " The privileges which I held so dear,  
      " The rights of conscience and a faith sincere.  
      " Here, on a coast unknown,  
      " With hideous forests overgrown,  
      " Press'd with an heavy load  
190    " Of dire afflictions, destitute of aid,  
      " And far remote from all my friends, I made  
      " My desolate abode.  
      " Here often, to my cost,  
      " I mourn'd the death of children lost  
195    " By pinching want, by chilling storms,  
      " By dire disease in various forms,  
      " Or the fell inroads of a savage crew ;  
      " But providence *Divine*  
      " From my keen sorrows granted sweet release,  
200    " Gave me glad intervals of peace,  
      " Made me prolific as the vine,  
      " And, by a large increase,  
      " With children fill'd my cottages anew.  
      " And tho' rude savages in arms,  
205    " With dire invasions and alarms,  
      " Ost troubled my repose ;  
      " My sons, by their industrious toil,  
      " From thickets freed th' incumber'd soil,\*  
      " And made the desart blossom as the rose.  
210    " Increasing and improving still,  
      " New habitations to explore,  
      " The ports to settle or the ground to till,  
      " My children issued in detachments forth,  
215    " From East to West from South to North,  
      " And stretch'd my new domain from shore to shore.  
      " At length, in spite of all my foes,  
      " Along the dreary waste,

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\* *Isaiah XXXV, 1.*

220     " Fair cities, towns and villages arose,  
" Where a religion chaste,  
" From human mixtures pure,  
" A peaceful seat obtain'd,  
" From civil punishments secure,  
" Subject to God alone, and unconstrain'd  
225     " Or by the pride or bigotry of *kings*.  
" Then did the forest and the field  
" Kind nature's various bounties yield,  
" And commerce freighted with her stores,  
" From my extensive shores,  
230     " O'er the wide ocean spread her canvas wings,  
" But ah! too soon my *stepdame's* sons,  
" A selfish race of idle drones,  
" Eager, without the toil,  
" To share the produce of the soil,  
" And of my labours make a spoil,  
235     " Came in great numbers o'er;  
" Resolv'd with zeal to subjugate  
" All my affairs, in church and state,  
" To haughty *Britain's* arbitrary pow'r.  
240     " But not content themselves t'invade  
" The dear-earn'd rights for which I fled,  
" Long have they insolently try'd,  
" With superstitious zeal,  
" To tempt my sons aside,  
245     " Implicitly to kneel,  
" And, like my former children feel  
" The dire effects of *Prelacy\** and pride.  
" But, though this priestly project fail'd,  
" A deeper civil plot prevail'd  
250     " Rebellion to inspire;  
" Rouz'd on me *Britain's* vengeful ire,

\* Although the author avows, that he was, from principle, an enemy to, and even a writer against, the formerly projected Episcopate, yet, he now declares, that, as a friend to liberty of conscience, he has no objection whatever to Bishops of any kind (of which there are three or four already in these states) so long as they absurdly have no share in the civil government, but, being under its controul, as well as others, confine themselves to the spiritual duties of their function.

" And a rebellious crew  
 " Of my base children from their duty drew,  
 " Debauch'd them from my injur'd cause,  
 255 " To vile submission to oppressive laws,  
 " Good sense abhors and freedom never knew.  
 " And oh! I greatly fear,  
 " (So num'rous is their score)  
 " They'll soon betray  
 260 " Those liberties I hold so dear,  
 " And give my boasted freedom o'er,  
 " A miserable prey,  
 " To base designing knaves.  
 " No less I fear my faithful sons,  
 265 " Unpractis'd in the field,  
 " And overmatch'd by numbers, will not dare  
 " In my defence the sword of war to wield;  
 " But, like a set of tim'rous drones,  
 " Will most ignobly yield  
 270 " To the suggestions of despair,  
 " And be forever slaves."

THUS mourn'd COLUMBIA; but the pow'r DIVINE  
 Her plaintive lamentation heard,  
 \* Revers'd the threaten'd doom  
 275 Her anxious spirit fear'd,  
 And, with a smile benign,  
 When most its vengeance low'r'd,  
 Compassionately pour'd  
 A beam of hope, that pierc'd th' incumbent gloom,  
 280 And her sad bosom cheer'd.  
 † Deliv'rance from the skies  
 First dawn'd on her benighted eyes,  
 When LEXINGTON's embattled field,  
 In spite of all their swelling boasts,  
 285 Saw haughty British vet'rans yield  
 To humble rustics who appeal'd

\* *Dispers'd th' incumbent gloom,*  
*Revers'd the threaten'd doom, &c.*

† *Deliv'rance dawn'd o'er Royal Isle, &c.*

\* From man's unrighteous laws,  
And left the issue of their cause  
To the decision of the LORD OF HOSTS.

290 THE appeal was heard in heav'n,  
And the success of that important fray  
To greater deeds COLUMBIA's sons allur'd,  
And to more brilliant vict'ries led the way;  
Which, tho' by transient glooms obscur'd,  
295 Were all as harbingers successive giv'n

\* Of a far brighter day:  
Now, with uninterrupted blaze;

That day of glory flames;

† Now HEAVEN at length displays

300 His favourable face,  
In its whole round of smiles array'd,  
And with consummate grace,  
Without a cloud, without a shade,  
Shines on COLUMBIA with continual beams.

305 So some black dismal night,  
Without a ray of cheering light,  
Involves the earth awhile;  
Like that which PHARAOH's court o'er spread,  
Substantial to the touch and shed

310 Its dusky horrors o'er the land of NILE; §  
At length, in radiance drest,  
The morn salutes our eyes,

Beams from the windows of the east,  
And darts its glories streaming o'er the skies.

315 With ruddy flames bright æther glows,  
Wide and more wide the gay effulgence flows,  
And puts the shades to flight;  
Till, hast'ning on his morning way,  
Like a young bridegroom gay,||

\* And gave sure earnest of a brighter day, &c.

† Now gracious Heav'n displays

Its sweetly smiling face,  
And shines on Britain with continual beams, &c.

§ Exodus, X. 21.

|| Psalms, XIX, 5.

320 *The sun, exhaustless source of light,  
Victorious o'er conflicting night,  
Looks glorious forth and consummates the day.*

\* *Auspicious day ! that glorious shines  
Upon COLUMBIA's innocent designs,  
From all rebellion pure ;  
That spreads her territory wide,  
Humbles imperious Britain's pride,  
And makes her the just punishment endure,  
Which, oft predicted, she has oft defy'd.*

325 *Important date of noble deeds !  
At which, her rights restor'd,  
By WASHINGTON's victorious sword,  
COLUMBIA's rescu'd from a tyrant's chain,  
And a stern stepdame, in her weeds,*

330 *An injur'd daughter lost deplores in vain.  
" Bound ev'ry heart, and ev'ry bosom burn ! " †  
Since with the fairest fame  
Heav'n condescends t' adorn  
Her once dishonour'd name,*

340 *In mercy wipes away her shame,  
Gives her to smile at her revilers scorn,  
§ And bids disdainful Britain, in her turn,  
Her own disgrace and ignominy mourn.*

345 *What tho' we oft deplo'red  
Our wifest counsels crost,  
Saw with regret our labour lost,  
And the defeated efforts of COLUMBIA's sword ?*

\* *Auspicious day ! that glorious shines  
On Britain's bold designs,  
That spreads her conquests wide,  
And makes proud Gallia's humbled pride  
Feel the just vengeance she so oft defy'd.*

† *Important date of noble deeds !  
When all our rights restor'd  
By Britain's conqu'ring sword,  
New-Albion's rescu'd and Canadia bleeds, &c.*

‡ *A line borrowed from Dr. YOUNG's Night-thoughts.*

§ *Bids Britain triumph and proud Gallia mourn, &c.*

\*Since now the skies vouchsafe to speed  
 Her humble unambitious aim,

350 Beyond the limits of her utmost claim,  
 And make her *vast* dominions *far exceed*  
*The largest hopes the boldest thought could frame.*  
 †So when, long since, regardless of their groans,  
 Stern PHILIP rul'd, like an infernal God,  
 355 His BELGIC subjects with an iron rod,  
 In Majesty severe ;  
 Smarting beneath his galling stroke,  
 BATAVIA's persecuted sons  
 Resolv'd to break his heavy yoke,  
 360 And strove, but strove in vain,  
 For many an unsuccessful year,  
 Their LIBERTY to gain ;  
 And often, while their foes prevail'd,  
 Saw their own *weakness and bewail'd*  
 365 *Their efforts baffled and their brethren slain.*  
 Dire was the contest, in the glorious cause  
 Their perseverance merits great applause ;  
 Yet, such their frequent disappointments were,  
 They sometimes thought the struggle to decline,  
 370 Give up the point and quit the vast design,  
 In absolute despair :  
 †But they at length  
 Recover'd strength,

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\* Since now the skies succeed  
 Each well concerted scheme,  
 And her *vast* conquests *far exceed*  
*The largest hopes the boldest thought could frame, &c.*  
 † So once with trembling dread,  
 At last the sons of Israel fled  
 Tumultuous o'er the plain :  
 And while their gentile foes prevail'd,  
 Blush'd at their *weakness and bewail'd*  
 Their efforts baffled, &c.  
 † But lo ! at length  
 They gain new strength,  
 When, by divine command,  
 And by celestial conduct led,  
 With valiant JOSHUA at their head,  
 The fav'rite troops victorious spread  
 The triumphs of their arms extensive o'er the land.

375     *And by celestial conduct led,*  
       *With valiant ORANGE at their head,*  
       *Made their oppressors flee,*  
       *Push'd their decisive vict'ries far,*  
       *Put a glad period to the tedious war,*  
       *And made their country free.*

380 O WASHINGTON, thou dear illustrious chief,  
       Thou ornament and blessing to mankind,  
       The soldjer's glory and thy country's pride,  
       COLUMBIA's skillful guide  
       Thro' the dire contest, and her sweet relief  
 385 In all the sorrows of her state forlorn!  
       How has thy character refin'd,  
       Since first thy great career began,  
       Together in one glorious group combin'd  
       All the bright virtues that adorn

390 The CHRISTIAN, PATRIOT, HERO or the MAN,  
       Devout and humble, affable, sincere,  
       Religion's friend, to vice alone a foe,  
       Kindly suscepitive of another's woe,  
       Reluctantly severe,

395 And with the noblest dispositions fraught,  
       Virtue thou hast by thy example taught,  
       Which all the good admire and all the bad revere;  
       Nor from a thirst for vain applause,  
       Much less a sordid lust for gold or pow'r,

400 But a disinterested zeal,  
       Exalted souls alone can feel,  
       Hast thou devoted ev'ry hour  
       Of seven successive years,  
       Of active pains and anxious cares

405 To the defence of FREEDOM's injur'd cause.  
       Amidst a num'rous crow'd  
       Of strenuous heroes heav'n had kindly giv'n,  
       To form thy splendid train,  
       Whose virtues fame aloud

410 Triumphant proclaims,  
       Who have so nobly striv'n,  
       By brave exertions and exalted aims,

Their country's freedom to maintain,  
Against a lawless tyrant's lust,

415 And fix the pillars of the rising state,—  
Sublime thou stoodst and eminently great,  
The first in merit as in rank the first.  
Amidst a cluster that salutes our eyes,  
A constellation of distiguish'd names,

420 But chiefly that of the illustrious GREEN,  
Thy fav'rite second in the arduous war,  
THINE is far most conspicuous seen,  
Like a resplendent star  
Of a superior size,

425 And with unrivall'd glory flames  
In the COLUMBIAN skies\*.

ALAS! how little meritorious here,  
Nay despicably mean,  
The Macedonian hero's deeds,

430 A Cæsar's and an Hannibal's appear,  
Th' exploits of Marlborough and Eugene†  
And those of the bold Monarch of the Swedes!  
All with diminish'd lustre shine,  
And ev'n FRED'RICK's‡ when compar'd to thine.

435 What tho' those Chieftains, who so greatly sped  
In ancient or in modern times,  
More brilliant vict'ries gain'd?  
By av'rice or ambition led,  
T'enslave their country§ or distress mankind,

440 They oft from virtue's sacred ways declin'd,  
Disgrac'd their conquests by their crimes,  
And all their laurels stain'd:  
Not such thy objects, motives such as these,  
On thy pure bosom influence never gain'd;

\* *amicat inter omnes*  
*Irelum fidus velut inter omnes*  
*Luna minores.*

HORACE.

† CHARLES the XIIth.

‡ The late King of PRUSSIA.

§ As JULIUS CÆSAR did.

445 But, fir'd by zeal the good man only knows,  
 Thou hast the int'rests of mankind maintain'd,  
 With an unblemish'd virtue, unarraign'd  
 Or by thy own or by thy country's foes,

As like a CYRUS, from his throne  
 450 Th' illustrious Lou is spoke,  
 And issuing his august decree,  
 To all the nations made his pleasure known,  
 In the most lib'ral strains,  
 That from an heavier than *Egyptian* yoke,  
 455 And worse than *Babylonian* chains,  
 COLUMBIA should be free;

So like ZERUBBABEL, in ancient days,  
 Of ISRAEL's captive tribes the illustrious head,  
 Too long oppres'd, thro' many a dubious maze  
 460 Thou hast her sons to peace and freedom led,  
 And on its basis firmly fix'd the frame  
 Of a vast empire, lasting as thy fame;  
 Or rather, the great JOSHUA of the age,  
 Thou hast, by thy victorious sword,

465 With prudent valour brav'd  
 A cruel tyrant's rage;

COLUMBIA's *British* inmates quell'd,  
 With all her children that rebell'd,  
 And, to her native rights restor'd,

470 Added a privilege she never crav'd,  
 And giv'n her cause to sing  
 A right exclusive to a spacious land,  
 By the oppressive hand  
 Of a new PHARAOH an hard hearted king,  
 475 Long doom'd to be enslav'd.

ANXIOUS COLUMBIA to subdue  
 To his detested reign,  
 Chagrin'd with disappointments past,  
 Yet resolute his point to gain,  
 480 He in his counsels wildly rang'd,  
 Oft form'd his plans anew,

And, discontented with the last,  
 Almost as oft his chief commanders chang'd.  
 Not so COLUMBIA ;—by the public voice,  
 485 Her first, her last, her only choice,  
 (Ev'n with the dread alternative in view  
 That destin'd her to be,  
 Bound in vile chains, or gloriously free)  
 Too well thy great abilities she knew,  
 490 For the important charge of her defence,  
 At any time the weighty trust to rue ;  
 But with unshaken confidence,  
 Thro' ev'ry varying scene,  
 Adverse or prosp'rous, gloomy or serene,  
 495 Approv'd thy conduct and rely'd on THEE.  
 While Clinton, Carleton, Howe,  
 With Robinson and Gage,  
 The servile tools of tyranny, employ'd  
 T'enforce the claims of disappointed rage,  
 500 Each in his turn, with elevated brow,  
 Has trod the military stage,  
 An infamous pre-eminence enjoy'd,  
 And earn'd of shame his individual share ;  
 Still at the head of the COLUMBIAN line,  
 505 Contending in a righteous cause,  
 The undivided glory has been thine,  
 With the whole world's applause,  
 Antagonists successive to oppose,  
 The single CHIEFTAIN, and conduct the war,  
 510 Thro' its whole progress to its brilliant close.

AND now, thy race of glory run,  
 Grac'd with the laurels thou hast won  
 In the illustrious strife,  
 (Like CINCINNATUS to his plow)  
 515 With what majestic dignity hast THOU,  
 By all applauded as by all admir'd,  
 From the tumultuous public stage retir'd  
 To the calm mansions of a rural life ;  
 (A life thy placid genius chose)

520 In peaceful fields and quiet farms,  
No more molested by the din of arms,  
    Tenjoy, as heretofore,  
Pleasures which solitude alone bestows,  
    The sweets of philosophic lore,  
525 And elegant repose.

BUT, tho' no more, in martial pomp array'd,  
Thy courser bears thee o'er th' embattled field,  
To fire thy legions to heroic deeds,  
    From public life's parade  
530 And brilliant scenes withdrawn,  
Thou tread'st, perhaps alone, the spacious meads,  
Or traversest the solitary lawn,  
Or sit'st retir'd, from ev'ry eye conceal'd,  
    In some sequestred shade;  
535 The silver trump of fame,  
In loud triumphant sounds,  
Shall thy exploits proclaim  
    To earth's remotest bounds.

Whenever commerce, to far distant climes,  
540 Unvisited in former times,  
O'er the broad ocean shall direct her way,  
Of wealth new sources to explore,  
    And to the breeze  
    COLUMBIA's stripes display,  
545 In unfrequented seas  
    And ports unknown before,  
    Th' auspicious gales,  
    That swell her sails,

    Shall waft thy praises o'er,  
550 And thy great actions, O illustrious man!  
    By HEAV'N and *liberty* inspir'd,  
    Shall be recounted and admir'd,  
    Through PERSIA, INDIA, CHINA and JAPAN,  
    E'en where fierce HYPERBOREAN storms,  
555 Impetuous raging in tremendous forms,  
    Lash the NORWEGIAN or LAPPONIAN coast,  
    In the bleak regions of the frigid zone,

And where old ocean roars  
 On NOVA-ZEMBLA's frozen shores,  
 560 Thy worth, thy native country's boast,  
 Shall to the rude inhabitants be shown ;  
 SIBERIA's wand'ring bands shall hear  
 The deeds heroic thou hast done,  
 Thy virtuous character revere,  
 565 And propagate thy fame :  
 And, while they hail with loud acclaim,  
 The wond'rous chief unknown,  
 KAMSCHATKA *Tartars* learn to lisp thy name.

ON this conspicuous stage,  
 570 The gaze and wonder of the age,  
 Where thou hast acted so sublime a part,  
 Thy character so dear,  
 To ev'ry virtuous heart,  
 As is thy name familiar to the ear,  
 575 No panegyric needs ;  
 Yet the COLUMBIAN's thy compatriots here,  
 The witnesses of thy illustrious deeds,  
 Who feel their int'rest in the glorious cause,  
 To such an happy issue brought,  
 580 By Heav'n's auspicious smiles  
 On thy paternal cares,  
 Who reinstated in their shares,  
 Assign'd by nature's laws,  
 For which thou hast so bravely fought,  
 585 Now find themselves establish'd heirs,  
 And reap the fruits of thy unwearied toils,  
 Far best thy merits know, and loudest shout applause.  
 By high and low, and old and young,  
 Of all COLUMBIA's virtuous swains,  
 590 On her extensive happy plains,  
 Are thy due praises sung,  
 In elevated strains,  
 The joy of ev'ry heart and theme of ev'ry tongue ;  
 And while the tributary choirs  
 595 Chant forth, as their esteem inspires,

The praise that to thy character belongs,  
And celebrate what all the world admires,

In their melodious songs ;

600 Conscious of the vast debt they owe,  
For all thy gen'rous actions done,  
And all the blessings thou for them hast won,  
With sweet delight their fondest passions move,  
And their enraptur'd bosoms glow,  
With gratitude ineffable and love.

605 Unable, as they are,  
T'afford a recompence condign,  
For all thy faithful diligence and care,  
From ev'ry pious breast,  
With the dear load of benefits opprest,  
610 Frequent petitions rise,  
With ardor not to be exprest,  
T'intreat the power DIVINE  
To aid their penury, and shed,  
In rich abundance from the skies,  
615 His choicest stores of blessings on thy head,

NOR to the narrow bounds  
Of one short age alone  
Shall poorly be confin'd

620 The gen'rous things which thou hast done,  
To benefit mankind ;  
For, as thy fame resounds  
To foreign climes ;  
So future times  
The sweet rehearsal shall regale ;  
625 Those glorious deeds of thine  
Tradition shall reveal,  
And from their father's lips, in a long line,  
Shall children's children hear the pleasing tale,  
Meanwhile th' historic page,  
630 In which COLUMBIA's sons record  
Her grievous suff'rings and her glad relief,  
Shall make *thee* known to each succeeding age,  
As the illustrious heav'n commission'd chief,

That wrought her rescue from the brutal rage  
 635 Of Britain's haughty lord:  
 Thy works of love those registers shall show,  
 And oft thy sentiments\* exalted flow  
 Thro' many a charming line;  
 While, like thy virtues eminent, thy name  
 640 Shall, with distinguish'd lustre shine  
 In those bright records of COLUMBIA's fame.  
 Posterity shall read  
 The fair detail of each illustrious deed,  
 Crest for their ancestors perform'd by *thee*,  
 645 And while their hearts, inspir'd with awe,  
 Revere a man they never saw,  
 Love to thy mem'ry in their breasts shall glow;  
 With grateful ardor, when his name they see,  
 To whose sublime beneficence they owe  
 650 The bliss of being free.

THRICE worthy WASHINGTON, how great  
 Thy character, thy conduct and thy State!  
 Long ere COLUMBIA's woes,  
 Or thy command began,  
 655 So high thy genious and thy virtues rose  
 Above the common line,  
 'Twere almost reason to suppose  
 Those must be more than man,  
 And, tho' compos'd of common dust,  
 660 The all-creating power at first  
 Lodg'd some good angel in that form of thine:  
 And since thou didst engage  
 Invading force t'oppose,  
 And with COLUMBIA's foes  
 665 An arduous war to wage;  
 Such honour, such disinterested zeal,  
 Such diligence, fidelity so rare,  
 Such strict attention to thy country's weal,  
 670 Such patience, prudence fortitude and care,

\* Alluding to Gen. WASHINGTON's beautiful Letters, written on many occasions, during the war.

Have mark'd thy footsteps on the public stage,  
Which thou with so much dignity hast trod,  
That, by the conduct of thy past,  
So worthily sustain'd,

675 Thou hast the whole world's plaudit gain'd,  
COLUMBIA's love, more ardent and unfeign'd,  
For her deliv'rance from a tyrant's rod,  
Than ever state to benefactor bore,—  
Th' approving voice of thy own conscious heart,

680 And, what is infinitely more,  
No doubt, th' all gracious *euge* of thy GOD.

LONG live great WASHINGTON, to see  
The fruits of all thy toils,  
In thy COLUMBIA's conscious smiles,  
685 And, to thy great content, may SHE,  
In spite of foreign or domestic wiles,  
Ever remain, what thou hast made her, FREE;  
Long may'st thou live t'enjoy COLUMBIA's love,  
And never may her sons ungrateful prove;  
690 May thy just merits ever be discern'd;  
Long live, great man, renown'd,  
With all that blaze of glory crown'd  
Thou hast so dearly earn'd.

Long mayst thou live thy country to adorn,  
695 Instruct her children by thy prudent lore,  
And point the way,  
In which they may  
In season lay,  
A greater fund of happiness in store

700 For millions yet unborn.  
Long mayst thou live, but not the sword to wield;  
O mayst thou often still,  
In council, with thy wonted skill,  
Thy needful service to COLUMBIA yield;  
705 May she in thy advice rejoice,

And oft in CONGRESS hear thy voice,\*  
But never, never need thee in the field.

Enough of marches and campaigns,  
Of sieges and embattled plains,

710 Thy worldly warfare now, we trust, is o'er,  
And thou in *carnal* arms

Shall take the field no more;

But the great *christian* warfare still remains:  
This must endure thro' life,

715 But 'tis a glorious strife,

And vict'ry well shall recompence thy pains.

'Twas thine ere while t'oppose  
The *British* tyrants hosts,

And num'rous bands of rebel foes,

720 Who made dire inroads on COLUMBIA's coasts,  
With energy to quell;

It yet remains t'engage  
With rebel angels, and repel

Th' assaults of *satan* and the pow'rs of *hell*.

725 It was thy happy lot

The *servants* to subdue,

And from the fight return triumphing home;  
O, when thou shall have fought,

As a true *christian* hero ought,

730 Through thy great leader mayst thou overcome,  
And prove victorious o'er the *MASTER*‡ too.

And when the conflict shall be o'er,

And thou shall have to strive no more,

Mayst thou triumphant mount the skies,

735 Whither, victorious o'er his enemies,  
The *hero-God* ascended long before.

There, with obeisance meet,

At his exalted feet,

\* As, at the time this Poem was composed, the American Constitution was not in being, the author acknowledges he did not foresee, what he might have reasonably expected, that, instead of being merely a member of CONGRESS, as he once was, the great WASHINGTON would one day be at the head of the UNITED STATES.

‡ Satan.

Low lay thy earthly laurels down,  
 740 Behold his kind approving smiles,  
     Obtain sweet rest from all thy toils,  
     Put off thy armour, and receive thy crown :  
     *A crown of glory in a world serene,*  
     Where no fell tyrant tramples on the laws,  
 745 Unlimited dominion to acquire,  
     Just rights annuls, or with malignant spleen,  
     His injur'd subjects to submission awes  
         With *plunder, sword and fire.*

Where glorious reigns a potentate DIVINE,  
 750 To whom archangels bend the obsequious knee ;  
     *Sov'reign, yet just, tho' absolute, BENIGN,*  
     At whose supreme decree  
     His happy subjects ne'er repine,  
         Because completely FREE.

755     \**O GEORGE, thy restless soul,*  
     *Impatient of controul,*  
     *Has long aspir'd to universal sway ;*  
     *Thou wouldest extend thine arbitrary rod,*  
     *Bid kingdoms tremble at thy nod,*  
 760     *Reign the sole Sov'reign like a god,*  
     *And make a world obey.*  
     *Deaf to the sacred laws of right,*  
     *And usurpation thy delight,*  
     *Long hast thou aim'd, with ceaseless pains,*  
 765     †*To gripe COLUMBIA in thy chains ;*  
     *But the great Sov'reign of the sky*  
     *Saw thy bold aim with jealous eye :*  
     *Firm to his own eternal laws,*  
     *And merciful as just,*  
 770     ‡*He pitied her much injur'd cause,*  
     *Indignant broke*  
     *Thine iron yoke,*  
     *Dispers'd thy hopes like transient smoke,*

\* BOURBON ! thy restless soul, &c.

† To gripe New-Albian, &c.

‡ He pitied Britannia's injur'd cause, &c.

And cast thy pride confounded to the dust,  
 775 \*What though thy fleets could ride  
     Triumphant o'er the tide,  
     In arrogant parade,  
     Insult COLUMBIA's miseries,  
     Block up her ports, distress her trade,  
 780 And intercept her requisite supplies ?  
     *Invention*, the ingenious artists guide,  
     *Necessity*'s sagacious daughter, vy'd  
     With *industry*, the friend of the distressed,  
     And both the most important things supply'd  
 785 While frugal habits needless made the rest.  
     And while, for common wants of life,  
     The *rocks*, the *mines*, the *forests*, and the *farms*  
     Needful provision made,  
     For the unequal strife,  
 790 On each succeeding day,  
     EARTH gave the woman in the desert aid,†  
     Against invading harms,  
     In a peculiar way,  
     By yielding, from her pregnant pores,  
 795 Large magazines of nitrous stores,  
     To furnish fuel for COLUMBIA's arms.  
     What tho' thy armies, train'd  
     In military lore,  
     And by thy pow'rful fleets sustain'd  
 800 Successively possession gain'd  
     Of all her sea-girt cities on the shore ?  
     Though well equipp'd and bold,  
     And well instructed too,  
     As num'rous as they were,  
 805 All thy battalions were too few,  
     With all their diligence and care,  
     Unless they could be ev'ry where,  
     The whole at once to hold ;

---

§ What though thine arms could foil  
 Britannia's troops awhile,  
 And triumph in her woe ? &c.

† Rev. XII. 16.

810     Or had it been that thy divided host  
        Sufficient energy could boast,  
    Of all at once possession to maintain,  
        The whole of thy usurp'd domain  
    Had comprehended, after all, at most,  
        But here and there a *speck* on an extensive coast :  
 815     Besides the interjacent grounds,  
        Vast inland tracts had still remain'd,  
    From the incursions of thy armies free ;  
        Tracts from thy scanty bounds  
    And posts marine too far,  
 820     To be by conquest gain'd,  
    Or by that conquest so secur'd to *thee* ;  
        As long to give the owners law ;  
    Tracts, which thy soldiers never saw,  
    Or, but as *prisoners of war*,  
 825         Were ever born to see.

WHAT though thy noble chief,  
    Right honourable THIEF !  
    Issuing from CARLOLONIA's gates,  
    Inland could propagate th' alarms,  
 830         And penetrate so far,  
    By dint of numbers and superior arms,  
    As through the bosom of the *southern states*  
        To drive the unequal war ?  
    For no long time he stay'd  
 835         On such forbidden ground ;  
        But, prudently afraid,  
    Remov'd his station near the shore,  
    And, waking from his reverie at last,  
        To his confusion found,  
 840     When his heroic dream was o'er,  
        That, in his wild vagaries past,  
    He had too far proceeded and too fast.  
    Coop'd up at length in *York-Town*, like a knave ;  
    By WASHINGTON, DE GRASSE and ROCHAMBEAU ;  
 845         When he through hopes of succour brave,  
        Had for a while their arms defy'd,

Was fain at last, forth issuing from his cave,  
 Himself and army to resign,  
 His conduct indiscreet deplore;

850 And, to his great confusion, undergo,  
 In spite of all his pride,  
 The same humiliating fate *Burgoyne*,  
 Himself too soon had, censur'd, underwent before,  
 What though tremend'ous issuing forth,

855 That blust'ring hero of the north,  
 With his high sounding titles arm'd,  
 And with his own loud swelling strains,  
 Fantastically charm'd,  
 Found means to work his way

860 Through woods and swamps, with wond'rous pains,  
 Majestically flow,  
 Marshal his troops in *terrible* array,  
 And make a mighty show  
 On SARATOGA's plains ?

865 Soon his magnificent parade  
 Prov'd but a tinsel-glare ;  
 And all the swelling boasts he made  
 Like bubbles broke and vanish'd into air :  
 For, after two vain efforts in the field,

870 He was ignobly forc'd to yield,  
 With all his *titles* as he was adorn'd,  
 Confess his weakness and a truce implore,  
 Ev'n of that very people he before  
 Had proudly threaten'd, vilifi'd and scorn'd,

875 But it perhaps may yield  
 Some consolation to his pride,  
 That when he stoop'd so low,  
 And to insulted *rustics* kneel'd,  
 (The character of the victorious foe,

880 And his own previous gasconade aside)  
 He suffer'd in reality no more,  
 Than what at *Closter-seven\** heretofore,

\* Where William, the late DUKE of Cumberland, was cooped up by the French, and obliged to surrender his whole army at discretion, in the year 1757.

# OR BRITISH PRIDE HUMBLED. 27

Thy humbled uncle's ROYAL HIGHNESS bore.

WHAT though sometimes thy veterans could foil  
885 COLUMBIA's unexperienc'd bands,

Compell them to recoil,  
Desert the fortress and the field,  
And, overpower'd by numbers, yield,  
Their houses and their lands,

890 To thy rapacious myrmidons a spoil ?

On such occasions their presumptuous pride  
Expos'd them oft to unexpected woe ;  
And, while they on their boasted strength rely'd,  
Their hasty triumphs and untimely joy

895 A prelude prov'd to some disastrous blow :

For HEAV'N by them defy'd,  
(Who oft infatuates whom he would destroy\*)

In vengeance suffer'd them to speed,

Their vanity to feed,

900 Into some snare their folly to decoy,  
And aggravate their final overthrow.

OF sentiment and principle devoid,  
What though thy agents, in a cause so vile,  
To execute thy purposes, employ'd  
905 The basest schemes of violence and guile ?

What though Columbia oft has seen

Wide desolation spread,

Along her far extended coasts,  
By their ill-natur'd spleen ;

Her towns in ruins laid

910 To furnish matter for illiberal boasts ;

The living to chagrin,

Trampled and spurn'd the ashes of the dead ;†

\* *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

† *Heav'n suffer'd thee to speed,*

*They vanity to feed,*

*And aggravate thy final overthrow.*

† 'Tis remarkable, that at Huntington on Long-Island, a certain Col. Thompson, wantonly projected the building of a fortification, needless as it was, on the burying ground, and that, in the execution of his plan, the bones of a number of the dead were dug up.

And, or by fire consum'd,  
 915      Or to the vilest uses doom'd,  
 The sacred temples of the **LORD OF HOSTS**.  
 What tho' she oft with virtuous pain,  
 And all a mother's anguish saw,  
 But saw alas! in vain,  
 920      (Dire outrages on natures law !)  
 Her daughters ravish'd, and her gallant sons,  
 Ev'n in the instant of surrender, fall  
 By the vile hands of miscreants profane,  
 With sword or bayonet or ball\*  
 925      Deliberately slain ;  
 Or into cruel bondage led,—  
 Chid in imperious tones,  
 Revil'd, insulted, chain'd,—  
 Close crowded in some dreary cell,  
 930      With stale unwholesome food  
 And nauseous water fed,—  
 Scourg'd, threaten'd and constrain'd  
 Against their country to rebel,  
 And shed congenial blood,  
 935      Or, by severe decrees,  
 Condemn'd, in num'rous shoals,  
 By famine, hardship or disease,  
 To perish wretchedly, by slow degrees,  
 In prison-ships and goals ?  
 940      What though, by thy intriguing knaves,  
 The *Indian* savages and **NEGRO** slaves  
 Were tempted to conspire  
 With a rebellious crew  
 Of base deserters from **COLUMBIA**'s cause,  
 945      Servile abettors of thy wicked laws,  
 Who would have giv'n thee more than was thy due ?

\* In this manner were a number of American officers as well as privates, and among the rest, Col. Ledyard, Commandant of Fort Griswold, at Groton, a near relation of the author, was most savagely butchered by an officer, of the name of Beckwith, at the moment he delivered his sword in token of surrender.

Who, by atrocious crimes,  
The scandal of the times,  
Have well deserv'd the gibbit for their hire ;

950. Who coasting the defenceless shores,  
On their own native ground,  
And at their parent's doors,  
Have scatter'd desolation round,  
By plunder, sword and fire.

955. EXPEDIENTS so malign,  
By hell suggested and approv'd by thee,  
With savage joy, not, in the least degree,  
Promoted, but obstructed thy design.

Hadst thou, by common prudence led,  
960. And by sublime examples taught,  
The war conducted in a manly way,  
And treated captives as a victor ought ;  
Thy cause no doubt had greatly better sped,  
And thou hadst added to thy score

965. Of abject slaves, vast numbers more  
Of weak, short-sighted, timid souls,  
Who, won by spacious artifice to obey,  
Had to thy standard fled,  
Thy pardon to implore,

970. In humble, fawning, cringing shoals,  
And truckled to thy sway :  
But such dire scenes of cruelty display'd,  
Far from intimidating gen'rous minds,  
(Unlike the locks of the Gorgonian maid,

975. Which petrify'd the wretches they dismay'd)  
Turn'd ev'ry honest heart to STEEL,  
And made each real patriot's zeal  
With double ardor flame ;  
Nay caus'd ev'n TORIES, of more mod'rate kinds,

980. While they aghast survey'd  
These horrid proofs of thy infernal spite,  
With terror shudd'ring at the hideous sight,  
T'abhor thy cause and execrate thy name.

985

AND when thy *cruel* measures fail'd  
 T'effect thy purpose, what avail'd  
 Thy foolish efforts in a *milder* style,  
 Insidiously design'd

990

Of public spirit, innocence,  
 And the chief means of her defence  
 COLUMBIA to beguile,  
 As *satan* did the mother of mankind?

995

What real benefit accr'd  
 From *specious* *proclamations*, acts of grace,  
 And pompous promises so oft renew'd,  
 With all the pride and folly of grimace?

1000

Poor *embryo*-things, begot by *crime*,  
 And by *absurdity* conceiv'd,  
 Births immature before their time,  
 Brought forth to light, and by the world believ'd

*Brats* well befitting thy *abortive* cause?

1005

What from thy *fly* *essays*,  
 COLUMBIA's polity to undermine,  
 The covenanted union to disjoin,  
 And, in low disingenuous ways,

The man of real honor hates,

Debauch the plighted faith of individual states?

What from the cunning and intrigue

Of thy pacific overtures

1010

To the grand council of the *gen'ral* *league*?

What from thy fascinating lures,

Of many various kinds,

Industriously display'd,

T'entice degen'rate minds

1015

To a pernicious and unlawful trade?

To ask no more, what pow'r hast thou obtain'd,

And what emolument eventual gain'd,

By thy whole system of disguise,

Thy *plots*, thy *bribes*, thy *forges*,

1020

*Thy own*, thy *people's*, and thy *PRINTER's* lies?

'T is true, like their first mother *Eve*,  
 More covetous than wise,  
 Too many of COLUMBIA's sons, allur'd  
 By some bewitching bait,  
 1025 By thee presented to deceive,  
 Against her dictates did rebell,  
 Hold secret commerce with her enemies,  
 Or e'en her interests abjur'd,  
 And thus from their primeval state  
 1030 Did miserably fall, as from the skies  
 Th' apostate angels fell ;  
 Yet, uncorrupted and sincere,  
 Still did vast numbers persevere,  
 As well with prudence to beware  
 1035 The fatal influence of thy wiles,  
 As gallantly to dare  
 The utmost efforts of thy hostile rage :  
 As *these* did, in COLUMBIA's cause,  
 With zeal and vigilance engage ;  
 1040 SHE, by heav'n's blessing on their strenuous toils,  
 Their jealous caution and incessant care,  
 Is rescu'd from the Dragon's rav'rous jaws,  
 And as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare.

## WAR—war of any kind,

1045 But chiefly *civil war*—however wag'd,  
 Though, by a conduct ne'er so much refin'd,  
 It's mis'ries be assuag'd,  
 Strikes too much terror to the social mind,  
 And on the human race  
 1050 Reflects too much disgrace,  
 To need, its horrors to increase,  
 Such cruel, shameful practices as *these*.  
*Thou* doubtless didst expect great matters thence,  
 Yet never couldst thy fav'rite purpose gain ;  
 1055 And, spite of all thy confidence,  
 Hast long been at a vast expence  
 Of honour and humanity in vain.

THEN make a solemn pause—  
 By all these violations of the laws  
 1060 Of truth and nature in thy wicked cause,  
     Say, *George*, what hast thou done?—  
     Thou hast display'd a character in view,  
     As to the eye of the meridian sun,  
     Equall'd in gross deformity by few,  
 1065      And over-match'd by none :  
     A character which tell-tale fame  
     Has close connected with thy name,  
     To propagate thro' the whole world thy shame ;  
     A character replete with crimes,  
 1070      Which, in succeeding times,  
     With infamy indelible shall stain  
     The foul disgusting annals of thy reign.  
     O *George*, thou MONSTER! how transform'd thou  
     Thou didst at first act so sublime a part,— [art!  
 1075 In thee there seem'd such saintly signs of grace,  
     Such mildness, such integrity of heart,  
     Humility and goodness, that thy face  
     Shone like a SERAPH's when thy reign began;  
     But, if a seraph, from thy furrow'd brow,  
 1080 Deep mark'd with guilt, thou canst not disavow,  
     'Tis plain thou art a fallen angel now :  
     Not in a serpent's, but the shape of man.

ABJECT, *asham'd, forlorn,*  
 Thy own confusion and COLUMBIA's scorn,\*  
 1085 How art thou fallen, proud offspring of the morn!  
     How art thou doubly fall'n! sorely crost  
     By twofold disappointment, not alone  
     † Is foil'd thy honour and renown,  
     But, to thy keen regret and grievous cost,  
 1090 Are the most brilliant jewels of thy crown,  
     Which erst with so much lustre shone.  
     The fairest districts of thy empire lost :  
     While drawn thy lawless sword,

\* *Isaiah XIV. 12.*† *How foil'd the glory of thy crown,*  
*Which lately so illustrious shone! &c.*

1095 To subjugate to thy despotic sway,  
 This *western* world, that owns no *TYRANT lord* ;  
 Mad with resentment, and outrageous grown,  
 Full *THIRTEEN pillars* thou hast spurn'd away,  
 Which once conspir'd, in beautiful array,  
 On a firm basis to support thy throne.

1100 So with ambition fir'd,  
 Once *LUCIFER* aspir'd,  
 Beyond his nature's line,  
*Tusurp the throne divine*,  
 And set up tyranny in heav'n :  
 1105 At length, by righteous vengeance driv'n  
 To punishment condign ;  
 From his exalted seat he fell,  
 Lost all that pow'r his maker *GOD* had giv'n,  
 Confounded sunk to hell,

1110 And *disappointed*, curs'd his vain design,  
 So *REHOBOAM*, in the days of old,  
 His *supplicating* people spurn'd,  
 And, arrogantly bold,  
 Rude threat'nings to their humble suit return'd,

1115 But, while their shoulders he resolv'd to load  
 With heavier taxes, and their backs to goad  
 With all the harsh severities of state ;  
 In one unhappy day,  
 Ten tribes revolted from his haughty sway,

1120 And left th'infatuated king,  
 Tortur'd by keen reflections sting,  
 To curse his folly and repent too late.\*  
 So *Charles*, in later times,  
 Though *canoniz'd*, of memory accurst,

1125 And stain'd with many heinous crimes,  
 Though by the incense of sweet praise perform'd,  
 Usurp'd prerogatives unjust,  
 And, instigated by the lust  
 Of arbitrary pow'r,

1130 Unworthily presum'd

\* I. Kings, XII. 16. II. Chron. X. 16.

Against the constitution to rebel,  
 And with his suff'ring subjects durst  
 A war unrighteous wage ;  
 But, in an evil hour  
 1135 To the dire scaffold doom'd,  
 At length, by heav'n's just vengeance, fell  
 A victim to his injur'd people's rage.†

1140 So *James*, his foolish son,  
 By his sad fate no wiser made,\*  
 Pursu'd the path his sire had done,

And push'd th'accursed trade  
 Of ROYAL violence still farther on ;

But, trembling and dismay'd,  
 Was glad at last to fly,

1145 When he beheld th' immortal WILLIAM nigh,  
 And, by his friends betray'd,

Compell'd to abdicate the throne  
 He so unworthily had fill'd,

1150 And to that great DELIV'R yield  
 A sceptre he had like a fury sway'd.

Ah *George*, take care—lay thy vain thoughts aside,  
 Abjure thy folly and suppress thy pride ;

Already hast thou, to thy cost,

1155 More than the HEBREW monarch, lost ;  
 And, if thou still persist, some fatal day  
 May utter ruin bring :

For, when *Columbia* had renounc'd thy sway,  
 Encourag'd by the bold emprise,

1160 HIBERNIA, resolute and wise,  
 From her gall'd neck indignant broke  
 Much of the burden of thy yoke,  
 And now *she* rates thee but as half a king.

† The author cannot view Charles I. in the light of a martyr, but in that of a TYRANT, by the just judgment of GOD, permitted to be illegally put to death.

\* *Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

1165      *Tyrant, be wise ! at length beware ;  
Retreat in season and forbear  
On schemes tyrannical to plod ;  
Pace back thy steps, nor longer dare,  
With guilty feet to tread*

1170      *The path thy royal predecessors trod :  
Let their example, follow'd by their fate,  
Strike through thy soul the salutary dread,  
Lest thou, incurring universal hate,  
Lose thy whole empire and perhaps thy head.*

\*  
1175      *Thus, O thou MONARCH of the skies,  
Forever let ambitious monarchs fare,  
Whose impious hearts,  
By guilty arts  
Of force or fraud, profanely dare  
From legal pow'r to tyranny to rise :  
1180      *Thus let their own invented snare  
Entangle all the sons of violence and lies.**

†  
1185      *But O, on LOUIS, the humane and just,  
Still shew'r thy blessings down,  
Brighten the glories of his crown,  
In righteousness confirm his throne,  
And be his lawless foes all humbled to the dust,  
Reward his virtues with those conscious joys,  
Which none but virtuous monarchs feel ;  
Since, though of power unlimited possest,  
1190      *That pow'r he gen'rously employs,  
To succour the distrest ;  
And his diffusive zeal,  
And kind concern for human weal,  
Have prov'd him, since his glorious reign began,  
1195      *Fair freedom's guardian, patron of th'opprest,***

\* *Thus, O thou monarch of the skies,  
Forever let th'ambitious fare,  
Whose impious hearts profanely dare  
By guilty arts to rise, &c.*

+ *But O, on GEORGE the just, &c.—GEORGE II.*

His people's father and the friend of man.\*  
 More than *six* times has thy all-chearing sun,  
 Blessings to all dispensing, run  
 His annual journey round the sky,  
 1200 Since he commenc'd COLUMBIA's kind ally,  
 And, on the most ingenuous terms,  
 His own united with her arms,  
 A common war to wage ;  
 Defeat a base *invader's* aims,  
 1205 Quell an *oppressor's* frantic rage,  
 And force him to recede from his injurious claims.  
 †Already, by their double scourge,  
 Chastis'd the humbled tyrant *George*  
 Trembles and totters on his throne :  
 1210 We view the scene with glad surprize.  
 But, *LORD*, the glory we disown ;  
 Far hence, ye guilty boasts, begone !  
 Thine is the work, O GOD, and wondrous in our eyes.

1215 AND, O thou just and wise,  
 Their *founder-GOD*, as well as ours,  
 Pour down, in copious show'rs,  
 Thy blessings from the skies  
 On the confederate BELGIC pow'rs,  
 COLUMBIA's next allies,  
 1220 And fellow suff'rs from the brutal rage  
 Of an exasperated king :†  
 O may their int'rests thy regard engage ;  
 Be all their cruel breaches heal'd,  
 And all their rights still guarded by the shield  
 1225 Of thy protecting wing.  
 Long since the *fathers* were,  
 Almost through miracle by THEE,

\* During the late Revolution in France, the KING's character and conduct have not appeared in a light equally amiable.

† Already his victorious arms  
 Fright haughty Gallia with alarms ;  
 Proud Louis trembles on his throne, &c.  
 As at Eustatia, &c.

1230 From grievous thralldom sav'd ;  
 O may the *sons* beware,  
 Nor be again enslav'd ;  
 But, through thy watchful care,  
 Let them forever be,  
 In spite of ev'ry snare,  
 Like their illustrious predecessors free.

1235 AND O may LIBERTY, seraphic queen,  
 O'er the whole earth extend her fost'ring wings,  
 Diffuse her blessings and the nations screen  
 From the mad rage and violence of *kings*.  
 Alas ! how many creatures thou hast made,

1240 Poor petty *gods* of mortal birth,  
 Falsely stil'd *sov'reigns* here on earth,  
 With arrogant parade  
 And sacrilegious pride,  
 Usurp the rights of heav'n,  
 To dust-form'd man deny'd,

1245 And with base cruelty invade  
 The birth-right THOU to all mankind hast giv'n !  
 O THOU, the only rightful *sov'reign*, GOD !  
 Cause those encroachers to forsake betimes

1250 Their impious and unrighteous crimes,  
 Or of their deeds just vengeance take ;  
 Challenge thy own prerogative and break  
 The tyrant's sceptre and th'oppressor's rod.

1255 FROM the hard galling chain  
 Of *such a king*, who, by his boasts profane  
 And impudent appeals to THEE,  
 Has oft thy attributes blasphem'd,  
 Thou hast already set COLUMBIA free ;  
 O, by the pow'r of thy almighty hand,  
 1260 From *ghostly* slav'ry save the guilty land,  
 Thou hast from bondage secular redeem'd :  
 Still, O great guardian of our state,  
 Thy glorious work of LIBERTY pursue ;  
 And, while thou dost our foreign foes defeat,

1265 *Our worse intestine foes subdue ;  
Make thy salvation, LORD, complete,  
And from our sins grant us deliv'rance too.*  
Though slander'd and revil'd,  
And trait'rous rebels stil'd,

1270 *To the proud monarch of an earthly throne ;  
Against the faith a subject plights,  
We ne'er oppos'd his legal rights,  
But aim'd, THOU know'st, alone  
From his encroachments to secure our own :*  
Nay from his arbitrary sway  
We with reluctance withdrew,  
And, loth e'en lawless pow'r to disobey,  
Long gave to Cæsar more than Cæsar's due.  
But ah! THOU injur'd Sov'reign of the skies,

1280 *To THEE, alas ! to THEE,  
Without the least disguise  
Or palliating plea,  
With conscious shame we own,  
We have indeed been faithless traitors found*

1285 *And rebels to thy throne,  
Though to our duty bound  
By the most sacred and endearing ties,  
Supremely great and yet supremely good,  
Thou of our youth hast been the careful guide,*

1290 *And thy indulgence all our wants supply'd ;  
Thy pow'r our infant steps upheld,  
Thy wisdom taught us, and thy bounty fed,  
With necessary food ;  
Yet we, a vile degen'rate race,*

1295 *Have most ungratefully rebell'd  
Against thy government and grace,  
And from our rightful Lord and gracious Father fled.\*  
Kind thy restraints, and easy was thy yoke ;  
Yet we, regardless of thy smile,*

1300 *The bands of our allegiance broke,  
And basely spurn'd thy equitable sway :*

---

\* *Isai. I.—2. 8. 4.*

Nay, obstinately vile,  
 E'en while thy angry scourge we bore,  
 In bold defiance of thy frown,  
 Still uncorrected by thy stroke,  
 1305 Perversely we refus'd to lay  
 The arms of our rebellion down ;  
 But still thy wrath persisted to provoke,  
 And from thy laws revolted more and more,\*  
 1310 O, while thy hand averts  
 The unavailing blow  
 Of thy chastising rod,  
 And favours undeserv'd imparts,  
 May our cold breasts with grateful ardor glow,  
 1315 And our reluctant stubborn hearts  
 Th'attractive influence feel  
 Of cords of mercy and of bands of love :†  
 From the rebellious road,  
 We so perversely trod,  
 May thy forbearance efficacious prove  
 To draw us back to thee ;  
 1320 Our past backslidings heal,  
 And in thy goodness infinitely free,  
 Be ours as thou hast been our father's God.‡  
 Turn us to thee, our devious feet restore,  
 Great God, and suffer us no more  
 1325 To wander from thy ways,§  
 No more by folly to rebell ;  
 But, by thy plastic hand,  
 Form us a people for thy praise,¶  
 And in our happy land

1330 Let peace and glory dwell.||  
 By radiance DIVINE  
 Illumin'd, and to rank exalted high  
 Among the nations, let COLUMBIA shine,  
 To the whole world's astonish'd eye,  
 1335 With all that lustre dignify'd,

\* Isai. I. 5. † Hosea. XI. 4.

‡ I. Kings, VIII. 57. § Sam. V. 21. ¶ Jer. XXX. 40.

|| Isai. XLIII. 21. Psal. LXXXV. 8. 9.

Which from RELIGION, LIBERTY,  
 And *social virtue* springs;  
 But save, O save her, by thy watchful care,  
 From outside grandeur, from the tinsel glare

1340      Of luxury and pride ;  
 And let her be  
 For ever free  
 From those delusive and pernicious things,  
 Which oft the human race insnare,

1345      Honours extrinsic to the mind,  
 And dignities to blood confin'd,—  
 Titles the vilest character may wear,  
 The pomp of courts and pageantry of *kings*.  
 O may her CONGRESS still,

1350      By *thee* the god of liberty inspir'd  
 Obsequious to thy will,  
 Th'important object of their charge pursue ;  
 And may its ev'ry member, fir'd  
 With zeal for THEE and love to *man*,

1355      The sacred influence feel,  
 And with attention due,  
 Join to promote the glorious plan,  
 And keep THY glory and COLUMBIA's weal  
 Forever near his heart, and ever in his view.

1360      Of mind intelligent and heart sincere,  
 And in the cause of truth and reason bold,  
 May all her sons that rise  
 To offices of public trust,  
 Thy sacred laws revere ;

1365      All sordid views despise,  
 And their respective places hold,  
 Uninfluenc'd by the lust  
 Of lawless pow'r or gold :  
 Sagacious may her statesmen be,

1370      Her legislators wise,  
 Humane her officers, her judges just,  
 And all her children FREE.  
 Rescu'd herself from a proud tyrants rage,  
 And with an happy independence blest,

1375 May she, with tender sympathy, assuage  
 The sorrows of th'opprest,  
 In gratitude to THEE impart  
 The blessings THOU hast giv'n,  
 With lib'ral hand and gen'rous heart,

1380 To all her fellow-suff'rers of mankind ;  
 And ever, in her hospitable arms,  
 Allur'd by *liberty's* inviting charms,  
 May injur'd virtue, into exile driv'n,  
 A safe asylum find.\*

1385 Indulg'd at length a sweet repose,  
 From her long strife with foreign foes,  
 With festive joy may SHE  
 Reap the rich harvest of her toils,  
 From party-rage, intestine broils,

1390 And feuds domestic free.  
 Should e'er contending nations round,  
 With savage fury rush to arms,  
 Each other to destroy,  
 And human nature wound ;

1395 May beneficial arts her pow'rs employ,†  
 Nor let the loud alarms  
 Disturb her calm tranquility ;  
 Unanxious, or through interest or fear,  
 May she, like distant thunder, hear

1400 The formidable sound,  
 From all disquiet free ;  
 And, save for virtue a becoming zeal,  
 Or kind solicitude for human weal,  
 May she, without emotion, see,

1405 Their flaming bolts of mutual vengeance hurl :  
 HER never let such boist'rous storms betide,

\* Already has she afforded a quiet retreat to many oppressed foreigners, and in future times, unless her example should be pretty generally followed by the inhabitants of Europe and even Asia, vast numbers more will avail themselves of the same inestimable benefit.

† The author has observed with pleasure, since this poem was written, with what rapidity the inhabitants of the UNITED STATES were making improvements in both the liberal and mechanical arts.

But, unambitious, prudent and sincere,  
 In views pacific, may she persevere,  
 And, spite of foreign policy or pride,  
 Down the smooth stream of her existence glide,  
 1410 In perfect harmony with all the world.<sup>t</sup>  
 And O may PEACE, celestial maid, descend,  
 Th' unhappy race of man befriend,  
 Make her glad olive bloom on ev'ry shore,  
 1415 And through each future age  
 Her gentle influence extend:  
*May rival hosts no more engage;*  
*May all the nations lay aside their rage,*  
 And learn the execrable art of war no more.

1420 *Haste on the glorious day,*  
*When Christ his banner shall display,*  
 And draw his conquering sword,  
 The world from slav'ry to redeem;  
*When all earth's kingdoms shall submit,*  
 1425 *In willing homage at his feet,*  
 Vanquish'd by his all powerful word,  
 And yield obedience unreserv'd to him:  
*\*When monarchs shall oppres no more,*  
 But his high pow'rs usurp'd restore  
 1430 *And all with one consent adore*  
*The only potentate, the king supreme*  
*And universal Lord.*  
 When he, whose right it is alone,  
 Shall mount in majesty his throne,  
 1435 And rule the world exclusively his own;  
 In whose auspicious reigne,  
 Discord and war and tyranny shall cease,  
 And the free subjects of his wide domain  
 Shall all by glad experience prove

1440 His sceptre *righteousness*, his kingdom *peace*,  
 And all the laws of his blest empire *love*.

<sup>t</sup> We are at present unhappily engaged in an Indian war; but it is to be hoped, that it will soon be terminated, either by teaching the savages humanity by our example, or by reducing their country to additional territory by conquest.

\* *When monarchs shall contend no more,*

*But all with one consent adore*

MESSIAH, King supreme and universal LORD.

